



## The Week in Society

and give more of the cordial to Mrs. MacLaren and little Thomas.

He didn't know it then, and now he says he must have been delirious, but in his wild dash for liberty he passed several houses where he might have found succor.

Whenever a down grade was reached in the road rapid time was made by the sturdy Scotchman, who whistled and sang to cheer the drooping spirits of his half-frozen wife. Once, in descending a hill, he fell and the sleigh ran upon him. If it had not been so the chances are that all the occupants would have been killed in the dash down the steep decline, but it was the fall served to rouse MacLaren.

He was met near Bradley Mines, four miles from his starting point, by Charles Carson, who stopped him and tried to ascertain what was wrong.

MacLaren's statements were not altogether clear, and Carson took the almost frozen party to the home of Mr. Cooper, farmer, where they were resuscitated. They did not learn for some time how far MacLaren had dragged his family, and could scarcely believe it when they found out.

All of the party were more or less frost bitten, especially the little boy. Mrs. MacLaren's ears, unprotected except for her hair, were badly frozen. Her husband's hands and feet were in the same condition. He may lose a finger or two, and his nose, ears and chin were frostbitten.

**House Built of Buttons.**

A house built of buttons is the latest thing in architecture, and a certain French musical celebrity is building it. The walls, the ceilings, the doors, the exterior, and the interior are all ornamented with buttons of every description, from the very origin of their invention up to those of the present day. Those dating from the lower Greek empire are of the most curious manufacture, but every country has been ransacked and some very curious specimens are reported to have been brought to light.

**The Rain and the Dust.**

A Boston schoolteacher had been reading to her pupils about the rain. Asking one of them to write a little story about the rain he, after declaring his inability to do so, upon the teacher's insistence, produced the following: "What does the rain say to the dust? 'I am on to you, and your name is mud.'"

**Population of Macedonia.**

Macedonia has a population of about 4,000,000. Three-fourths are Christians and one-fourth Turks. Nearly half are of Bulgarian ancestry.

**COUNTRY ROAD WEDDING.**

John Rayborn, of Lucas county, Ia., secured a marriage license at Charleston to marry Miss Lizzie Swartz, of Wayne county, and when he paid for the paper that entitled him to claim her as his bride he did not know that there was to be a romantic turn to the affair.

Rayborn is a farmer and lives very close to the line between Lucas and Wayne counties. Miss Swartz lived with her parents just over the line in Wayne county.

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wedding took place in the public road just over the line of Lucas county. The wedding party then returned to the Swartz home and to the wedding feast.

## ONE SNAKE'S APPETITE.

Dined on a Rubber Boot and Gave Up the Ghost Because It Couldn't Digest It.

From a gentleman who was at one time a resident of Brazil a remarkable story about a snake that he encountered in the woods one day, which followed him with much persistence, comes to the New York Times.

"Sitting on a stump I became aware of the approach of a huge snake," writes this gentleman. "He must have been 15 feet in length. There was no



SNAKE MADE A DASH.

doubt the snake was about to attack me.

"Without hesitating for a moment I discharged my two barrels. For a short time the reptile raged furiously, and I climbed a nearby tree. I had hardly reached the first boughs when I saw the snake approaching the tree, and it climbed up behind me.

"Higher and higher I went. Higher and higher came the serpent. My heavy rubber boots were a great drawback to my climbing, so I tried to get rid of them. I took one off and dropped it, and just as I had the second in my hand the snake reached for me, and I, in my desperation, tried to shield myself with the rubber boot.

"Then the snake made a dash and getting hold of the boot turned and descended the tree. I was saved, but I had not the courage to leave the tree before my friends arrived. I told them of the adventure I had and rode home minus one rubber boot. Of his snake-ship nothing could be seen.

"A few weeks later on another hunting trip we found in the road a big dead snake, terribly swollen. We cut it open and found, to our astonishment, my rubber boot not in the least injured."

## PRETTY YOUNG GIRL

Becomes a Tramp So That She Can Be with Her Husband.

Together They Walked from New York to Alabama in Search of Work—Dressed as a Man She Braved Hardship.

Ethel Wells, or Mrs. Robert Douglass, as she prefers to be known, a pretty young girl, is in jail in Birmingham, Ala., having been caught in the garb of a man. She had come all the way from New York city as a tramp, and her identity was discovered in St. Vincent's hospital, where she had gone to have a foot amputated.

The woman of nerve and adventurous spirit rode on freight trains, left her footprints on the muddy surface of innumerable country roads, counted a few thousand cross-ties, accepted lifts from kindly disposed drivers of farm wagons, slept on the ground sometimes and sometimes in barns, begged and did odd jobs for what she ate, and reached Birmingham with nothing worse than an abscess on her foot.

She endured all the hardships of hobo life in order to be with her husband. She says that Douglass could not get work at his trade of iron moulder in New York, so he resolved to seek it elsewhere. Her woman's heart rebelled at being left alone and she told him if one must go, two must go. Douglass provided her with an outfit of male attire. The work-hunting journey was begun. At place after place they were met by the crowded industrial conditions that make the unemployed. City after city, town after town, they have turned away from with heavy hearts, till at last they reached Birmingham. They had been tramping since October 20.

Then followed the visit to the hospital, the discovery of her sex, and her arrest. Douglass was also hunted up and placed in jail.

The woman is 20 years old, of medium build, weighs not more than 110 pounds, has brightly colored cheeks, a small, pretty mouth and blue-gray eyes. She wore a checked suit of clothes, a black soft shirt, no collar, a crush hat of the slouch variety and No. 6 shoes.

Her voice was gentle, decidedly feminine, and her general appearance that of a well-bred young woman. While being questioned she would often hang her head and blush; and while the city physician, Dr. Charles Wheelan, was dressing the wound, she shed tears because of the pain.

"We are married," said she, to a New York World reporter, "and I did not want to stay in New York, where life was not as pleasant as I wished. So my husband started out to look for work. He went up in Maine and stayed

two weeks. Then he returned to New York, and we started down this way. I could not stay there, though he wanted me to wait until he got a job, and made some money to send for me.

"So he finally bought me this suit of clothes, hat and shoes, and we started out. We have walked, rode freight trains and tramped as hoboes all the way, passing through Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Atlanta, Macon and Columbus, to say nothing of many smaller and sometimes larger cities. I have never been arrested before, nor even had anyone express a suspicion that I was not a man.

"I assumed the disguise because I could not accompany my husband otherwise, for he had but little money. I was willing to endure all the hardships and would be willing all right now if it was not for this bad foot. We have slept in all kinds of places and had all kinds of things to eat, but we have been together.

"This is the first trouble we have had and it certainly hurts me more than I can say. I was all right as long as I knew people did not know that I really was a woman. Now I cannot look at anyone without feeling ashamed and blushing.

"When they let us out of this little trouble I am going to a hospital and stay until my foot is entirely well. Then we will settle down as man and wife and send home for our trunks and clothes, if my husband can get a position."

Douglass told the same story. He had a dues book and card from local No. 25 of New York of the Iron Moulders' Union of North America. His dues were paid up to the week of October 19. He is anxious to secure a position and thinks he will be able to get one when he is released from custody.

**Weight of Gold and Cork.**  
A cubic foot of cork weighs 15 pounds; a cubic foot of gold weighs 1,155 pounds.

## TRUTHFUL PROCIOS

Old Man Tells His Chums What a Busy Man Can Do.

Felt Justified as a Master Wood Cutter in Reproving the Crowd of Rank Amateurs Around the Country Store Stove.

"I calculate that I've done the biggest day's work to-day that was ever done in this neck of the woods," said Wilson, with a sigh, as he sat down on a soap box.

"I don't know," said Old Man Procius, taking a chew of fine cut, "what have you done?"

"What have I done? I've split and piled three and a half cords of stove wood since sun-up."

"Pshaw! That's nothing," said the storekeeper. "When I was a boy, many's the time I've done the same thing and half a cord better."

"Talk about chopping wood," said the drummer. "When I was a lad I lived on a farm down in Stone county. I was keeping company with a girl and intended to marry her if her old man ever consented. Well, one day when I was hanging around her house the old gent told me that if I would clear up the back lot in one day he would go to Smithville and get the license for us.

"The back lot had about two acres of the toughest kind of second growth of hickory you ever saw. It looked like a big job, but I wanted Nell pretty bad and I decided to try it. I started in next morning at sunrise, and what I did to that hickory was a plenty. I thought I'd surprise the old man and do a little more than he had required, and when the sun went down—Say, what do you suppose I'd done?"

"Can't guess," piped old Procius. "Give it up," said Wilson.

"Well, sir; I had cut all that hickory, hauled it up to the house on a stone-boat, piled it in the woodshed, grubbed



"WHEN I WAS A BOY."

out all the stubs, plowed and dragged the lot and sowed it to buckwheat."

"M-m-m," muttered Procius in his whiskers.

Wilson spat at the stove and asked: "Why didn't you harvest the buckwheat while you were at it?"

The drummer lit a cigar, and clapping his hands over one knee, leaned back and gazed at the ceiling.

"Talking about chopping wood," began old Procius, "you fellows don't know anything about it."

Wilson winked slyly at the storekeeper and looked pityingly at the drummer.

"When I was a boy," continued the old man, "we thought nothing of eight or ten cords a day. There was considerable betting in the neighborhood as to who was the best man with the ax

You need not close the old account before opening a new one.

## January Sacrifice Of Fine Furniture

Parlor Suites,  
Parlor Chairs,  
Parlor Cabinets,  
Pedestals,  
Dining Tables,  
Dining Chairs,  
Side Tables,  
China Cabinets,  
Buffets,  
Dinner Sets,  
Tea Sets,  
Fish and  
Game Sets,  
Parlor Lamps,  
Onyx Tables,  
HALL RACKS.

We have resolved that this Month of January shall be busier than the first month of any previous year in the history of our house. We shall accomplish this end by combining two of the greatest business-bringing propositions imaginable—namely.

**25 per cent. Discount**

From our regular marked prices on lines of seasonable and desirable furniture also our offer to arrange the easiest terms of payment ever known in the credit business here or elsewhere. We want all of our old patrons to remember that it is not necessary to close their present account before opening a new one—and assure new comers that payments will be so small they will never miss the money. No notes to sign—no interest to pay.

## GROGAN'S

MAMMOTH CREDIT HOUSE,

817-819-821-823 7TH ST., N. W.

Between H and I Streets, Northwest.

## OLD PURISIMA

This is a Fine Old MARYLAND RYE WHISKY, bottled expressly by myself and guaranteed for Age, Flavor and Mellowness. Keep a bottle of "OLD PURISIMA" in the House, as it is eminently good for medicinal purposes. 25 cents for Full Half Pint Bottle.

WM. CANNON,

1225-1227 Seventh Street, Northwest Washington, D. C.

## AMUSEMENTS

### A PIANO RECITAL!

## MISS BEATRIZ L. CHASE

...WILL GIVE HER SECOND PIANO RECITAL...

IN THE

## People's Congregational Church,

M Street between 6th and 7th Streets, N. W.,

Friday, February 14, 1902.

She will be assisted by her brother,

## Wm. Calvin Chase, Jr.

Both are Pupils of their Mother, Mrs. A. V. McCabe Chase.

Recital will begin promptly at 8 P. M.

ADMISSION - - - 15 CENTS.

Sam Morris beat them all with a record of 11 cord from sun-up to sun-down.

I loved I could go him one better and put up a new rifle to that effect. Now I know that a man can't do his best when he is in a hurry, so I took things easy—in fact, didn't take off my coat till noon—and 'bout three o'clock I reckoned that I'd cut about all I could pile before dark. Well, it measured up a little over eight cord I knew there ought to be more than that, so I went back to see if I hadn't skipped some wood when piling. Nary a stick could I find. At last, while standing by the stump of the first tree I'd cut down in the morning I noticed something bright sticking in it. It was the head of my ax, and, gents, I'd cut eight cord of ash stovewood with nothing but the helve."

The silence that followed, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, was broken at last by the drummer asking the storekeeper if the village went dry last election.

**Faithful Even Unto Death.**

A remarkable story, which is really true, is told of an affectionate son in Buda-Pesth. His age was 88, and in a fit of despondency he leaped from a bridge and committed suicide because of his inability to longer support his father and mother and himself.

ively, 115 and 110 years.

**Latest Thing in Meters.**

A telephone meter has been invented by Thomas Baret, of Sydney, N. S. W. It begins to record time the moment the telephone is used, and ceases when the receiver is hung up. The object is to make each patron pay for the exact time he has used it, and not for the number of messages.

**Town of Morphine Fiends.**

Morphine is used extensively in the town of Juana Diaz, in Porto Rico. It is estimated by the insular board of health that out of the 2,500 inhabitants, 1,000 are victims of this terrible habit.

He whipped up his horse and vanished in the darkness, mud flying from wheels and hoofs. His wife stood for several moments looking in the direction he had taken, too much astonished at such an unheard-of exhibition of independence to say a word. When she came to herself the teams had all driven away.

She had ample time to think several things as she trudged alone toward home, through the mud, which came over her ankles at every step, and the steady downpour, which soon soaked her to the skin.



BETWEEN THE SHAFTS.

Then he took up the part of the again, and the sleigh went forward for another hundred yards. But a few minutes he was forced to stop